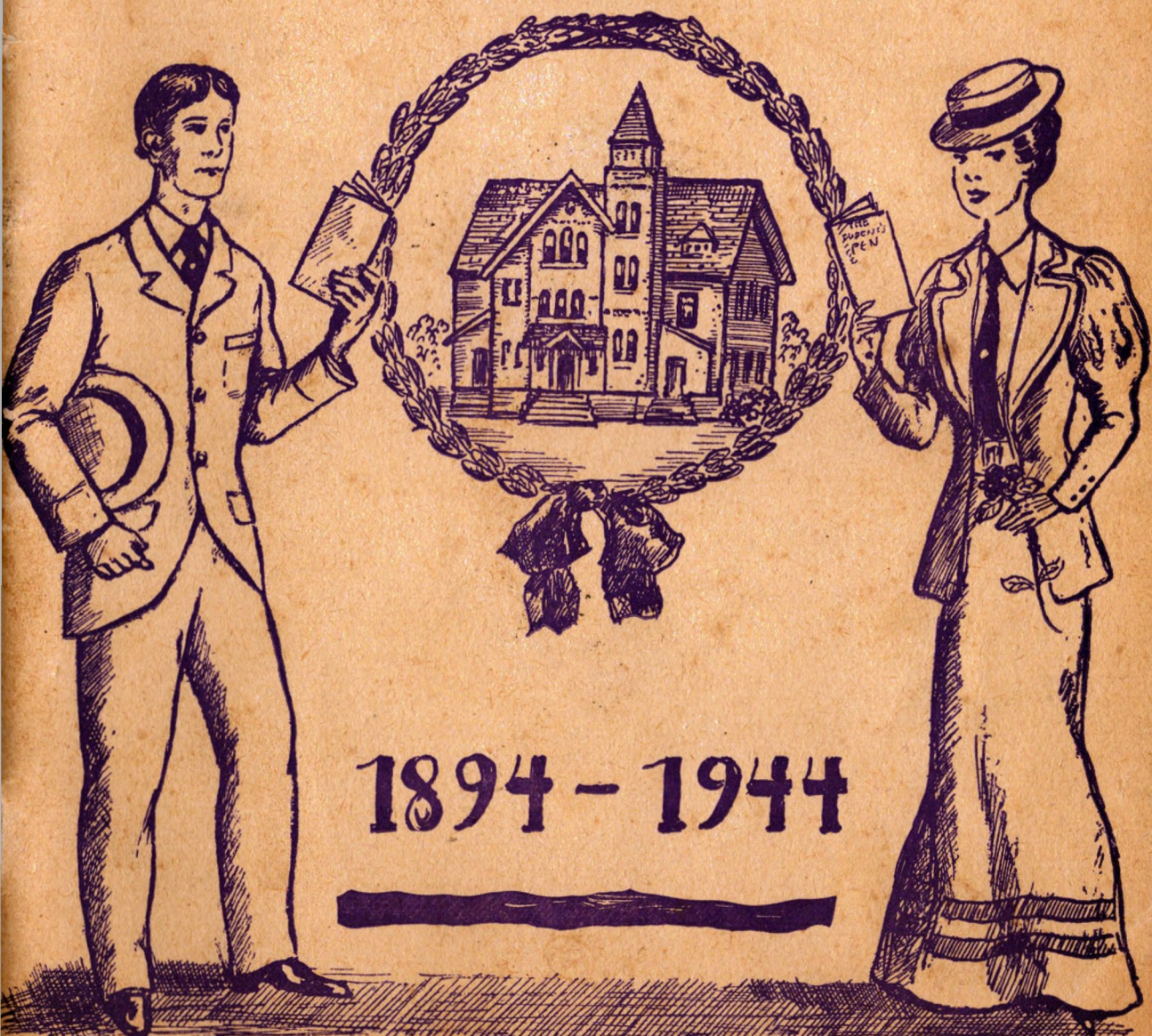


*The*  
**STUDENT'S PEN**

**50<sup>th</sup>**  
**ANNIVERSARY**





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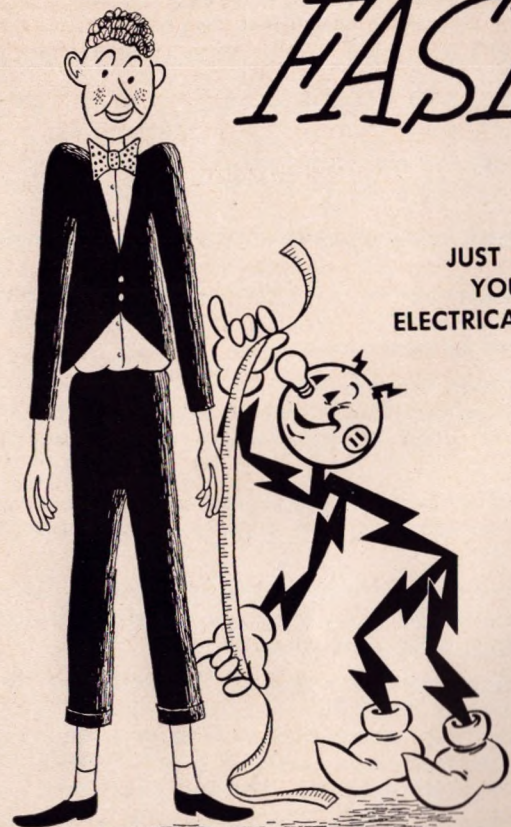
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# The Student's Pen

FOUNDED 1893  
Published Monthly by the Students of Pittsfield High School, Pittsfield, Massachusetts

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No. 1

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## A Message from Our Superintendent



MR. EDWARD J. RUSSELL

To the Students of the Pittsfield High School:

Everywhere Americans are asking how to win the peace after victory crowns our efforts in war. Such problems as full employment and international cooperation are occupying, rightly, in the thoughts of men and women a place second only to the more pressing demands of war.

Boys and girls of high school age today may, perhaps, feel that some of these problems are so complex as properly to be left for wiser and older heads to solve. But youngsters may even today make at least one contribution to add new glory to the American tradition in the years to come.

With victory against Germany now within sight, the enemies of our democratic ideals

are seeking to sow among us the seeds of racial and religious hatreds from which we may reap the whirlwind with the coming of peace. It may well be that our ultimate victory in war will indeed be an empty one if their plans succeed, and peace finds us a nation overwhelmed by intolerance and torn asunder by prejudices and animosities.

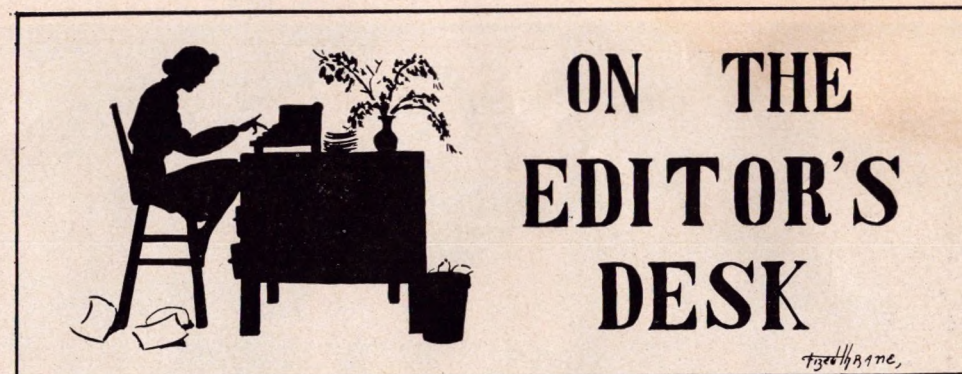
A mighty bulwark against this flood of hatred will be the veterans of this global war, the millions of fighting men who have learned the deepest meaning of brotherhood even in the midst of death and destruction on distant continents. They have learned that differences of race, religion, and national extractions vanish utterly in the great unity that is born anew whenever and wherever Americans stand together on the threshold of death in the fight for freedom.

Standing shoulder to shoulder with our fighting men in withstanding the onslaughts of intolerance will, I am sure, be the youth of America, for you have learned the lessons of brotherhood in the classrooms, on the athletic fields, in clubs, and in activities. You know that America alone of the nations of mankind has inherited the cultural wealth of many peoples of the world, and that only by dwelling in harmony and working with mutual trust and helpfulness can Americans be true to the ideals of the founders of our republic.

When you let your thoughts and deeds and your very lives be models of brotherhood for even your elders to follow, you are comrades of millions of other Americans who are striving with you for a brave, new world in this most crucial period of history.

Edward J. Russell  
Superintendent of Schools

September 27, 1944



## The Time Is Now!

By Jane Howard

AND so the new school year has begun—Boys and girls sauntering gaily down the halls of P. H. S. laughing and talking exuberantly over summer adventures, books in hand, faces aglow, eyes eagerly glancing over new friends

Yes, in every high school all over the country, the same atmosphere exists, impregnated with the spirit of youth—the spirit to enjoy good, clean fun; the spirit to laugh and to think, to become serious, interested, disappointed; the spirit to win, the spirit to bear defeat, to work and to play; the spirit of cooperation and good will; the spirit of ambition and the spirit of success.

All these are present in our Pittsfield High. Each is exemplified in our football team, at our various clubs, and in our classrooms. Each is prevalent in every page we turn, in every success we achieve, in every goal we attain.

The fall of 1944 is a much more hopeful fall than that of '43. As one glances at the

newspaper, listens to the radio or watches the movies, he sees and feels it everywhere. The defeat of the Germans—victory in Europe—new successes in the South Pacific. With the welcome notes ringing in our ears, we students face another school year. Another school year of work, play, and thoughts of the coming peace constantly in our minds. We are faced with an unusual future. A future in which we who are now attending school will play the leading role. We must qualify mentally to tackle and successfully fulfill the great tasks which lie ahead. In order to do so, it is necessary for us all to buckle right down and begin the new school year with a will to win. It is our obligation to take advantage of the opportunities offered us. Are we, the future citizens of the United States of America, going to prove worthy of the sacrifices our loved ones are making? Are we going to be ready to join with them in building a better world? The time to prepare is Now!





THE CLASS OF 1894, UNDER WHOSE AUSPICES "THE STUDENT'S PEN" WAS ESTABLISHED

## "The Student's Pen" Celebrates An Anniversary

(This year, THE STUDENT'S PEN enters upon its fifty-first year. Founded by the Class of 1894, which in June celebrated its golden anniversary, THE PEN has striven throughout the years to reflect the life and interests of the student body of Pittsfield High School. On the occasion of its fiftieth anniversary THE PEN is proud to present to its readers, the following letter from Mr. James F. Bacon, Class of 1894, the first editor of THE STUDENT'S PEN.)

Boston, 25 October, 1944.

To the Board of Editors of  
THE STUDENT'S PEN:

Thank you sincerely for the kind invitation you have extended to me as the first Editor-in-Chief of THE STUDENT'S PEN to say something about its early days.

Speaking across the misty reaches of fifty-one years on behalf of the surviving members of the first editorial board, I wish to congratulate you and all our other successors upon THE PEN's remarkably successful career in its field of high school journalism. All PEN editors, present and past, have reason to feel a deep sense of gratification at the happy fulfillment of the ardent hopes entertained by the founders when they launched their frail craft on the uncertain waters of the journalistic sea in December of 1893.

Year by year, we pioneers have observed with pleasure the constant growth of the magazine in quality and size, and the generous recognition of its excellencies manifested by the public.

How proud we all were last March to learn that THE STUDENT'S PEN, in the national competition conducted among school publications by the Columbia Scholastic Press Association, had been awarded first place among magazines of senior high schools having an enrollment of 1500 to 2500 students, on the basis of content, make-up, and typography! Such recognition of merit brought honor not only to THE PEN and its editors and its school, but also to its home City of Pittsfield and its 51,000 inhabitants.

The anniversary of the founding of THE PEN, which we are celebrating, kindles tender nostalgic thoughts in the hearts of many alumni of the school—thoughts of the modest brick building on lower South Street that long ago vanished from sight, teachers, classmates, friends in other classes, the daily round of study and recitation, periodical examinations, speaking contests, graduation exercises, the excitement and general uplift incident to the creation of THE PEN, and many other school events.

To the more thoughtful students of the school of today such an anniversary might well seem an occasion for a new consecration of old ideals and a fresh incentive to supplement a worthy past with a better future.

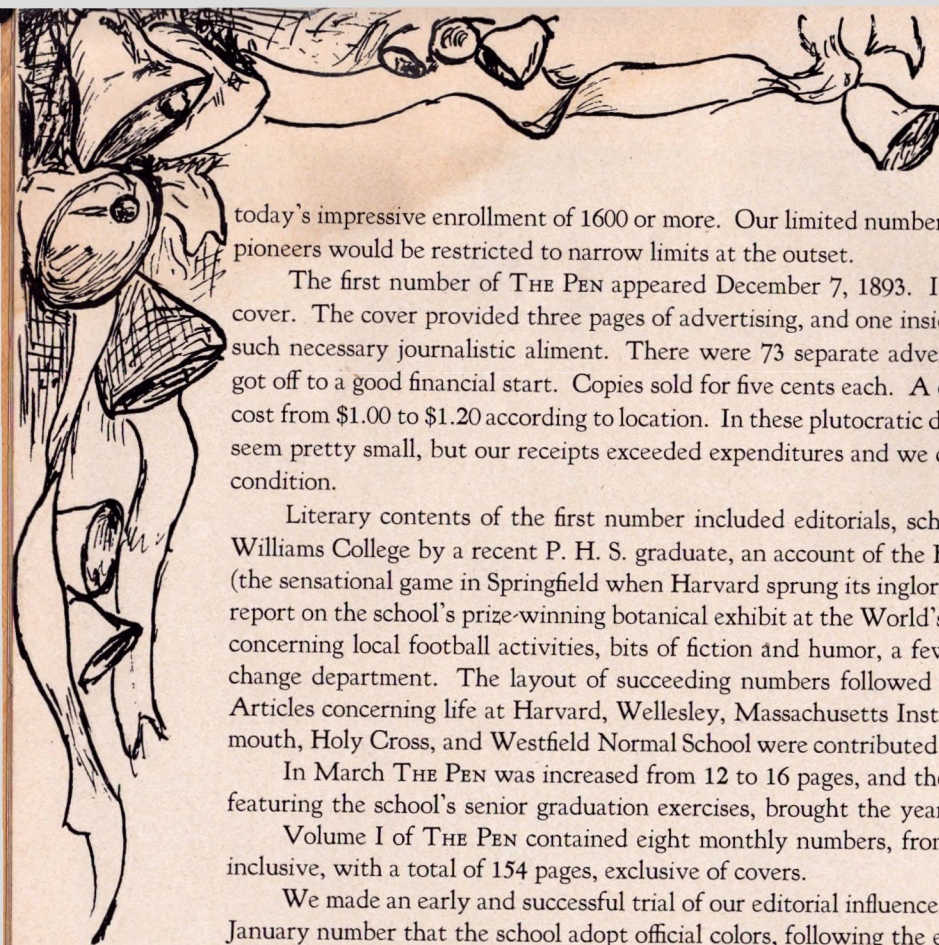
In the Class of '94's recently issued semi-centennial booklet, I referred to the founding of THE PEN during our senior year and commented upon its long career and its ever-expanding volume and excellence, adding "The tiny acorn has become a sturdy oak, a credit to the school and a constant source of pride to THE PEN's founders of long ago".

The magazine took its origin from a suggestion made to the student body by Principal Charles A. Byram in the fall of 1893. He also proposed the distinctive title "THE STUDENT'S PEN" which has served so well down through the years. Both suggestions met with instant favor among the students and members of the faculty. A formal meeting of students was held and it was unanimously voted to issue a monthly magazine under the suggested title.

A board of seven editors and eight assistants was duly elected. At that time the total number of students in all four classes was 225; a small number indeed in comparison with







today's impressive enrollment of 1600 or more. Our limited numbers meant, of course, that we pioneers would be restricted to narrow limits at the outset.

The first number of THE PEN appeared December 7, 1893. It contained 12 pages and a cover. The cover provided three pages of advertising, and one inside page was also filled with such necessary journalistic aliment. There were 73 separate advertisements so the magazine got off to a good financial start. Copies sold for five cents each. A quarter-page advertisement cost from \$1.00 to \$1.20 according to location. In these plutocratic days the amounts mentioned seem pretty small, but our receipts exceeded expenditures and we closed the year in a solvent condition.

Literary contents of the first number included editorials, school notes, an article about Williams College by a recent P. H. S. graduate, an account of the Harvard-Yale football game (the sensational game in Springfield when Harvard sprung its inglorious slippery leather suits), report on the school's prize-winning botanical exhibit at the World's Fair in Chicago, an article concerning local football activities, bits of fiction and humor, a few alumni notes, and an exchange department. The layout of succeeding numbers followed practically the same lines. Articles concerning life at Harvard, Wellesley, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Dartmouth, Holy Cross, and Westfield Normal School were contributed by graduates of our school.

In March THE PEN was increased from 12 to 16 pages, and the July number of 54 pages, featuring the school's senior graduation exercises, brought the year to a resplendent close.

Volume I of THE PEN contained eight monthly numbers, from December to July, both inclusive, with a total of 154 pages, exclusive of covers.

We made an early and successful trial of our editorial influence when we suggested in the January number that the school adopt official colors, following the example of numerous other schools and colleges.

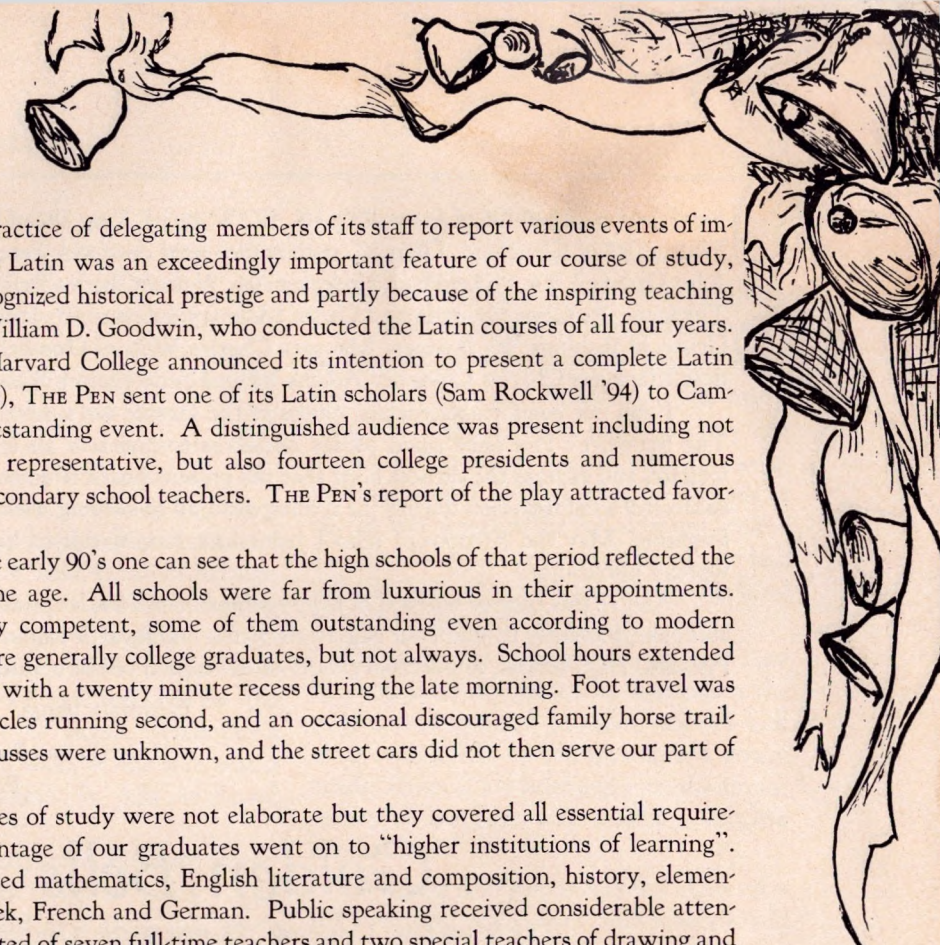
On February 26, 1894, after a spirited campaign, the school voted in favor of purple and white, which received 107 votes compared with 26 for crimson and white, and 18 for blue and white. THE PEN bloc unofficially favored purple and white.

There was some lifting of eyebrows among P. H. S. alumni at Williams, culminating in at least one written protest, because purple and white had long been the official colors of its deadly rival Amherst.

In March THE PEN suggested that the senior class adopt official colors. After due consideration the class held a meeting and old rose and white were chosen. During the following month, again at the instigation of THE PEN, an official school pin was adopted, a handsome pennant of purple and white enamel with a gold border.

In April we joined forces with the Evening Eagle in suggesting the immediate construction of a new and larger high school building in a central location. Public agitation, aided by the burning down of the old school March 6, 1895, led to the erection of the commodious Second Street building which was completed in 1896 and served very well until the present imposing temple of learning was erected on East Street.

It may be asked whether the editors and contributors of the early numbers of THE PEN derived benefit from their work. Yes, decidedly so. Most practical and useful was the training we received in orderly thinking, clear expression, accuracy of statement, spelling and punctuation, and preparing manuscript for publication, all of which was supplementary to the efficient school instruction in English composition. Undoubtedly a large majority of our successors also derived substantial benefit from their PEN experience.



The PEN made a practice of delegating members of its staff to report various events of importance. In those days Latin was an exceedingly important feature of our course of study, partly because of its recognized historical prestige and partly because of the inspiring teaching of Assistant Principal William D. Goodwin, who conducted the Latin courses of all four years.

Naturally, when Harvard College announced its intention to present a complete Latin play (Terence's Phormio), THE PEN sent one of its Latin scholars (Sam Rockwell '94) to Cambridge to report this outstanding event. A distinguished audience was present including not only THE PEN's special representative, but also fourteen college presidents and numerous college professors and secondary school teachers. THE PEN's report of the play attracted favorable attention.

Looking back to the early 90's one can see that the high schools of that period reflected the conservative spirit of the age. All schools were far from luxurious in their appointments. Teachers were generally competent, some of them outstanding even according to modern requirements. They were generally college graduates, but not always. School hours extended from 9 A. M. to 2 P. M. with a twenty minute recess during the late morning. Foot travel was most popular, with bicycles running second, and an occasional discouraged family horse trailing. Automobiles and busses were unknown, and the street cars did not then serve our part of the City.

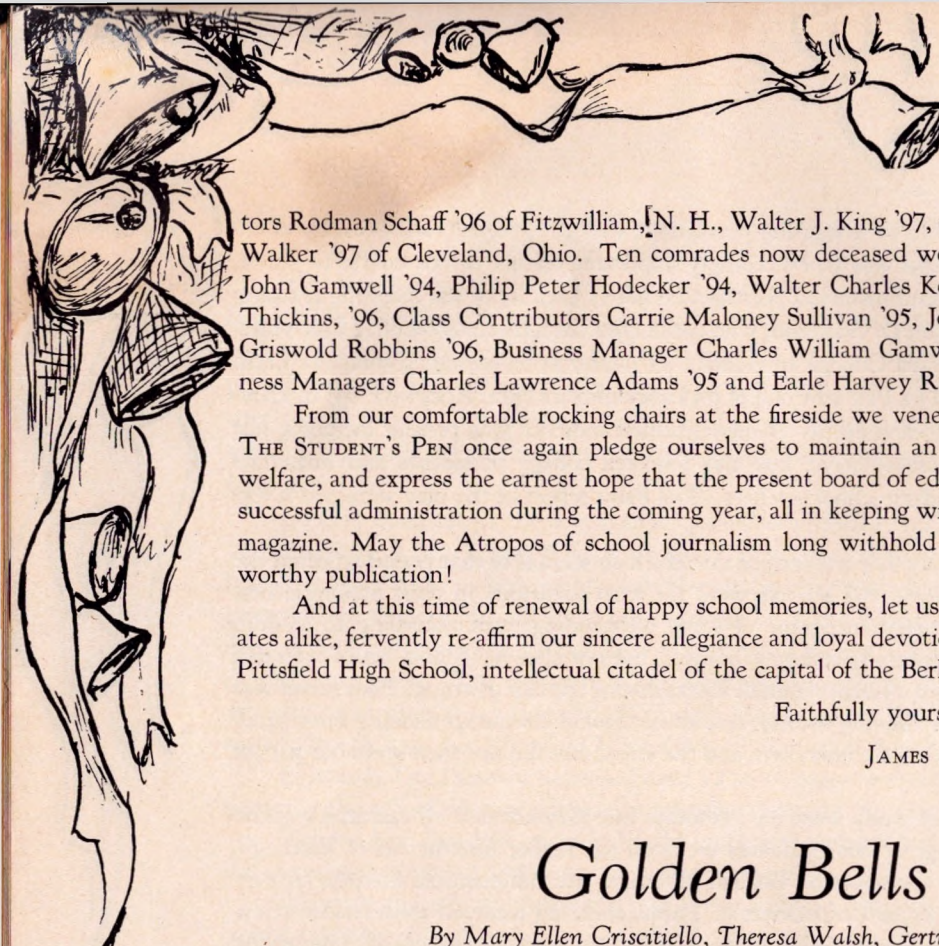
The School's courses of study were not elaborate but they covered all essential requirements. A goodly percentage of our graduates went on to "higher institutions of learning". The curriculum comprised mathematics, English literature and composition, history, elementary science, Latin, Greek, French and German. Public speaking received considerable attention. The faculty consisted of seven full-time teachers and two special teachers of drawing and music. Classes were small and frequent recitation calls kept us on our mental toes. Few students required urging. Generally speaking the student body was animated by a serious ambition to make proper preparation for a useful life. This attitude encouraged our teachers and lightened their burden. Disciplinary action was seldom necessary. On the whole, the life of the school, like the life of the community in which we lived, was characterized by real simplicity.

The school had no organized athletics during the first year of THE PEN. Toward the end of the first year, at the suggestion of THE PEN, steps were taken to organize an athletic association covering all branches of school athletics, and in the following year a real beginning was made in serious athletic activities.

In covering the graduation exercises of the Class of '94 in its July number, THE PEN went to town with its 54 enlarged pages covering an area of 5375 square inches, compared with the December number of 12 pages having an area of 912 square inches. In this final number appeared liberal abstracts of sixteen essays and orations of the seniors, a copy of Mayor John C. Crosby's address to the graduates, full page group pictures of the faculty, graduating class, and THE PEN editorial board, and a smaller group picture of the newly organized P. H. S. Athletic Association. There were also editorials, a picture and history of the school building, miscellaneous articles, alumni notes, a list of all P. H. S. graduates since 1870, and an exchange department modestly made up of twenty-five complimentary items concerning THE PEN from other school publications throughout the country and from several local newspapers.

The first Board of THE PEN had sixteen members. Of these only five in addition to the undersigned, are now living; Exchange Editor Angie Dresser Cole '94, of Detroit, Michigan, Athletic Editor Samuel Forbes Rockwell '94, of North Andover, Mass., and Class Contribu-





tors Rodman Schaff '96 of Fitzwilliam, N. H., Walter J. King '97, of Pittsfield, and Frank Ray Walker '97 of Cleveland, Ohio. Ten comrades now deceased were Associate Editors Louis John Gamwell '94, Philip Peter Hodecker '94, Walter Charles Kellogg, '95, and John Bailey Thickers, '96, Class Contributors Carrie Maloney Sullivan '95, John C. Munson '95, Loring Griswold Robbins '96, Business Manager Charles William Gamwell '94, and Assistant Business Managers Charles Lawrence Adams '95 and Earle Harvey Russell '95.

From our comfortable rocking chairs at the fireside we venerable surviving founders of THE STUDENT'S PEN once again pledge ourselves to maintain an unremitting interest in its welfare, and express the earnest hope that the present board of editors will have a completely successful administration during the coming year, all in keeping with the best traditions of the magazine. May the Atropos of school journalism long withhold her lethal blade from this worthy publication!

And at this time of renewal of happy school memories, let us all, alumni and undergraduates alike, fervently re-affirm our sincere allegiance and loyal devotion to gracious Alma Mater, Pittsfield High School, intellectual citadel of the capital of the Berkshires!

Faithfully yours,

JAMES FREDERICK BACON,  
P. H. S. '94

## Golden Bells

By Mary Ellen Criscitiello, Theresa Walsh, Gertrude Giese

THIS year 1944 is the fiftieth anniversary of the publication of THE STUDENT'S PEN. Founded in 1894 by an enterprising group of students with Mr. James F. Bacon as its first editor, THE PEN has, with the exception of a few years at the turn of the century, continued to appear more or less regularly and to do its bit to record the daily scene within the halls of Pittsfield High School.

The students of today feel a natural curiosity regarding their predecessors in Pittsfield's halls of learning, and a little investigation on the part of THE PEN staff has brought to light some interesting facts.

Way back in 1894 when our grandmothers were wearing long skirts and leg o' mutton sleeves, Pittsfield High School occupied a building situated on what is now the War Memorial Park on South Street, located just where the Lukeman monument stands. It was a red brick building, lacking the beauty of

the present high school building, but possessing a studious atmosphere. Early one March morning in 1895, the building was completely destroyed by fire. Unfortunately for the students, the authorities promptly arranged to take over a floor of the West Block on West Street, in which the Pickwick Hotel is now located, and classes continued without interruption.

Students in those days went to school on their own power. There were no buses or trolley cars, but because the school was situated more or less in the center of the town, they were not necessary. If some teacher or student had been transported to the school, there is no recollection of any such incident.

The high school had no organized football or baseball teams, but the boys often played baseball in the space north of the school, using for second base an elm tree which is still standing. If the young ladies participated in

any sports, it has been kept a secret. The modern popularity of outdoor sports and games has more than taken the place of walking to school, and the modern student is more athletic than the students of the Nineties.

The clubs in Pittsfield High School today are far more numerous than those of fifty years ago. Then there was only one club, called "The Young People's Literary Society." This club met once a week, and every month as a special feature they presented plays, recitations, or held social gatherings. Members gave whist parties, held exciting games of parchesi and group-singing.

A special attraction on Pontoosuc Lake was Hodecker's steamboat owned by the father of one of the pupils. Hodecker's Grove on the north shore of the lake was a popular picnic ground for the students' picnic parties.

The fashions of fifty years ago were noticeably different from those of today. The typical girl was clad in a long, full, dust-catching skirt, with a stiffly-starched, white, high-necked blouse with enormous leg o' mutton sleeves. The neckline was adorned with a bow or mannish necktie. Her hair was arranged sometimes in coy curls or perhaps straight demure bangs with the rest of her hair caught in a loose knot at the back of her head. The pompadour, at that time, was still to be discovered by some revolutionary feminine mind. We quote the following description of the correctly dressed young woman from an 1894 journal:

"She wore a wide-brimmed hat that caught the breezes, a high choking collar of satin or linen, and a flaring gored skirt that swept the street on all sides. Her full-sleeved shirt-waist had cuffs that were eternally getting dirty, and her skirt was a bitter trial. Its heavy 'brush binding' had to be replaced every few weeks, for constant contact with the pavement reduced it to dirty fringe in no time at all. In wet weather the full skirt got soaked and icy. Even in fair weather its wearer had to bunch it in great folds and devote one hand to nothing else but carrying it."

The debonair young man of the Gay Nineties carefully parted his hair down the middle, and sported elaborate cravats and wing collars. On special occasions a flower neatly adorned his lapel and into the breast pocket of his coat was tucked a spotless handkerchief.

The young man paid ninety-five cents for a stiff hat, and six dollars and ninety-seven cents for a complete wool suit, and eighty-three cents for a pair of shoes. The Academy Shoe Shop was most popular, because of the fact that a free baseball and bat were given to the purchaser of a pair of shoes.

The young men and women of fifty years ago looked seriously into the future, feeling the great importance of their coming responsibilities. These people are our leaders today, many are our educators, most are prominent citizens in our own community, and several are heads of large important business firms.

## YOU - SOPHS

By Virginia Roth

You enter these immortal halls,  
Your sturdy knees now quake,  
You, a mere young sophomore—  
Your minds not yet awake.

You meet the honored faculty,  
You hear the rules and wonder,  
You gaze upon the seniors—  
You so far down under.

You wonder if, as time goes by,  
You'll ever learn your way,  
You a tender sophomore—  
You easily go astray.

But remember yet, my lowly ones,  
As you can plainly see,  
That if it weren't for those like you—  
We seniors wouldn't be.



# Isn't It A Lovely Day?

By Betty Burgess



THE day was ideal. It lay right in the heart of summer, with warm sunshine, azure skies, and whipped-cream clouds. Locusts sang in it with surprising energy. The smell of the open air and the fragrant grass were its breath. Any one would have been happy today, with its laziness and peace.

Any one, that is, except The Boy. For some reason The Boy himself couldn't understand, he did not feel glad, was not contented. Deep down inside him was a feeling of futility, of waste. Yes, what good was he? Why had he ever been put on this miserable earth, sugar-coated with days such as this?

As he lay flat on his back, nibbling the end of a tall weed, The Boy briefly recalled his past. It had the aspects of a children's story—his being left an orphan and being

brought up by his benevolent aunt and uncle. But they'd never seemed like his own folks. Maybe he had never given them much of a chance to be anything else, for he had been a sort of recluse; but a guy's gotta have some privacy, hasn't he—he can't let them nose into his business, can he? Besides, who'd care about what he thought anyway?

His mind wandered to the present. He stared into the depths of blue sky above him, then his eyes followed a meadow-lark to the far edge of the field.—The present. It was the same as his past. Farming, always farming. And school. And church. And farm chores again—rising early, sowing or harvesting, driving plow or tractor, retiring early. There was a word for it—monotony.

What was his future?—Huh, what future? he thought. Maybe he'd go to Agri-

cultural College; maybe not. He'd still do farming. What good was he? Was he here just for a life of endless drudgery?

The Boy rolled over. He knew he had every reason to be happy—he had everything,—well, almost everything, a boy could want. But something was lacking. If only he could find it!

"Hi, there!" a voice called to him from the road. "I say, do you know where I could get a pump? My bike tire went flat."

The Boy got up and went over to the voice. He saw a girl in a blue dress; he saw a plain face and freckles; he saw white teeth in a flashing smile; he saw her blonde hair glint in the sun.

"Sure," he said. "We've an old pump in our barn down the road a spell. I'll take 'er down for you."

"You're so kind," she said with a grin.

They didn't say much, as they walked down the road. She did say that she had just moved by.

The Boy worked quietly. Soon the tire was round and firm again.

"There, I guess she'll run now," he said.

The girl thanked him. As she got on her bicycle, she exclaimed with youthful sincerity and vigor, "Isn't it a lovely day?" She waved.

The Boy waved back at her. Soon she was gone. But he'd see her again, he knew that.

The Boy dug his hands into his pockets. Something was lifted. The fog, the thin veil that had hidden him from happiness. He had done something, although little, for someone else for a change, and he was happy. Something new was there, too. He felt as though he belonged—to the world, to nature, to life. He wasn't the

Boy now; he was a person who had a name—he was John Tate.

Looking up at the sky and around to the hills,—“Yes, isn't it a lovely day,” he murmured.

## UNDERGROUND IN OCTOBER

By Gertrude Giese

"The ground is growing stiff and cold;

I think I will make my bed today,"

I said to myself as I scurried upstairs,

And took to my living room bundles of hay.

I made a soft cushion—with dry leaves, too.

Even a few grasses and pieces of wood

To make a warm bed. Then I said to myself,

"Now it is time to eat food—and food!"

With that I hurried up the passage way

And 'though I am almost deaf and blind,

My nose is keen, and I caught a whiff

Of the smell of a worm—the juicy kind.

I found it, all right, and brought it back

And stuffed myself—I think I ate four.

But 'though I ate so very much

I'll have to wake up and find some more.

"Now I have everything ready, I think,

But no, I've forgotten one thing," said I.

So I fetched a thumbtack, a paper, and pen,

And printed quite neatly what next meets your eye:

"If you chance in this direction,

Please watch your step, 'cause for the duration

I'll be sleeping. Not even the election

Will wake this poor male during hibernation.

P.S. I only wake up when I'm hungry.



# Going Back, Going Back

By Mary Ellen Criscitiello

YOUNG Bill Jones, private in the United States Army, walked briskly along East Street, a lively spring in his step. He looked like a man although he was only nineteen years old, but then, one would look like a man if one had been away from home for many months, living among men of all types whose business it was to kill. But this morning Bill seemed younger and very happy. He was going back to his alma mater, P. H. S., to see his teachers and friends. He had often dreamed about going back to visit, and wondered whether the school had changed. Now he was afraid that he would not be welcomed by the busy students and teachers who, no doubt had many more important things on their minds these days.

He reached the esplanade and started up the first flight of steps. As he did so, he lifted his eyes and stopped for a brief moment. There before him rose the stately dome, magnificent in the gleaming sun, with its spire pointing like a finger into the cloudless blue sky. To the soldier the dome seemed like a sentinel on guard over the minds and bodies of hundreds of boys and girls who were to become the men and women of the future. Bill had looked often at pictures of the dome, and he had glanced at its outline on his class ring many times, but never before had it moved him so deeply.

He climbed the remaining steps and entered the building. Everywhere inside there was an air of business with the mingling of carefree voices. Bill's heart warmed when several students and teachers passing through the halls smiled and nodded in greeting to him. He didn't know them and he felt sure that they had never seen him before or at

least did not recognize him, but this friendliness stirred his feelings and he was glad that he had come.

A handsome senior and a pretty sophomore walked hand in hand through the lobby. Bill smiled to himself as pleasant and amusing memories of days gone by flickered through his mind. When he had been a senior his usual girl friend had not been very approving when he had flirted with an exceptionally cute little sophomore.

Now he walked slowly along the halls, stopping occasionally to say a few words to the teachers he remembered. Their friendly interest and concern for his welfare touched him deeply. They themselves seemed to be fighting the war in more ways than one. Like officers at the head of their troops, they were leading their pupils, not only in war bond buying and conservation, but in the intellectual battle which must be won if the world is to be free.

In the classrooms was an atmosphere of serious informality; there was a free give and take of opinion, an earnestness of purpose, and withal, a spirit of friendliness that bodes well for tomorrow's world.

Bill was proud to think that he was a graduate of this school which had offered him so much, where he had spent three happy, fruitful years of his life, and where boys and girls like himself were now spending happy days.

His visit ended, he left the school feeling cheered, warmed, and contented. As he looked back at the dome, even more beautiful against the afternoon sky, he gave a prayer of thanksgiving for America and its public schools.

# Billy's Gone To War

By Florence Waszkelewicz

BILLY'S gone to war! Sadly I remember the day I said goodbye to him. An inner pride took me as I watched him walk down the street with a determined stride. I knew a part of me was going with him.

Everything goes on as usual, business as usual. Girls and boys come into the store, laughing and joking. They do not know the sadness, the loneliness in my heart. Every fair-haired boy might be my Bill. Every army uniform might hold him. And yet he never comes.

That boy's hands are just like Bill's. That girl's eyes are the same color as his. His laugh, his drawl, his walk, I see hundreds of times a day.

It is lonely to work alone, without Bill. Such a long time since I have seen him! Remember how he disliked school? Just because he could be fighting instead of studying. And now, a letter says, "Christmas, all I do is study. I thought, when I graduated, I would never see a desk or a blackboard again."

"How I miss those study halls where I could get forty winks before I felt the teacher's ruler on my head. Now what do I get—forty hours of marching!"

Yes, Billy's gone to war. He has gone to fight for the things you are doing, so you can go right on doing them. So won't you say a prayer with me until my Bill is safe at home again?

## DAWN

By Ann Wierum

A sun is rising.  
There are two tints of pink and lavender  
In the east where the black is darkest,  
And a few slim, timid rays pour hesitantly  
over the far hills.

A dawn is a birth, and a birth is an awakening,  
And the first rays are shining now on a desolate world,  
The light of new ideas is dawning in men's minds—  
Of peace on earth, good will towards men  
Forevermore.

Take the growing light,  
Absorb it into your heart and mind,  
So that it becomes one with your being.  
Raise your heads throughout the world  
And will the sun to rise.

See it bring life to a new world,  
And, though for every dawn must come a sunset  
Yet, deep within your hearts, resolve  
This sun shall not go down.

## TO A STAR

By Jane Howard

Shining brightly, always there,  
You know no fear nor shame,  
You gladden hearts, you strengthen hope,  
And light undying fame.

Ah, star of faith, you favor none,  
Your rays extend so far  
To bring a note of joy and cheer,  
To carry life, Oh star.

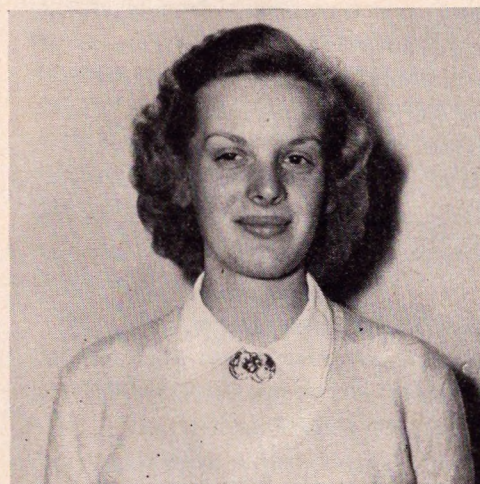
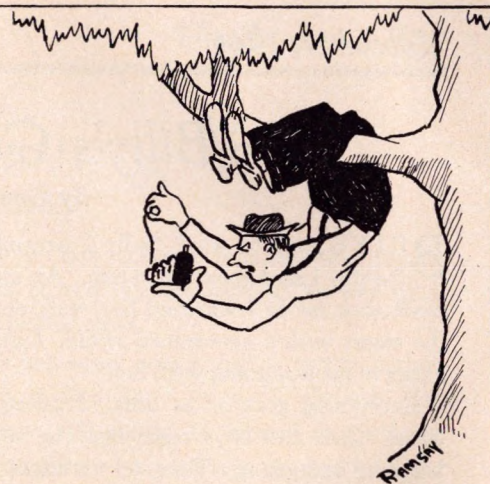
You share the sorrow and the woe,  
Of people everywhere,  
Caressing those who bow with grief  
And banishing their care.

In you, bright star, we come to know  
God's presence in the sky,  
You light a path for us to tread,  
Your radiance never dies.

Oh, star of faith, do ever shine  
On us most humble men,  
And bring to us, bestow on us  
The joy of peace again.



# WHO'S WHO



GRACE HOUGH

## BLONDE, BLUSHING, AND BLITHE

Tall, attractive Grace Hough needs no introduction to the students of P. H. S. Horn in hand, she can be seen almost any time of day, dashing madly to orchestra and band, or rounding up Alpha-Tri-Hi-Y over which she presides. This busy lass loves to skate, ski, and swim, and we hear she does a grand job of all three. She has been home-room treasurer and squad leader for two years. After graduation, Grace hopes to study child psychology. Where? Well, we're not sure, fellows—but just form a line to the right!

## ALDEN BROSSEAU

Twenty years from now we'll see Alden Brosseau walking down North Street in the uniform of a United States Army general. No, we are not kidding, because after graduation Alden is donning the uniform of a West Point cadet. We wonder if by then his main interests in life will still be pies, hot music, and brunettes. He will probably look back on his days at P. H. S. and recall his happy hours in math and his great dislike of rules.



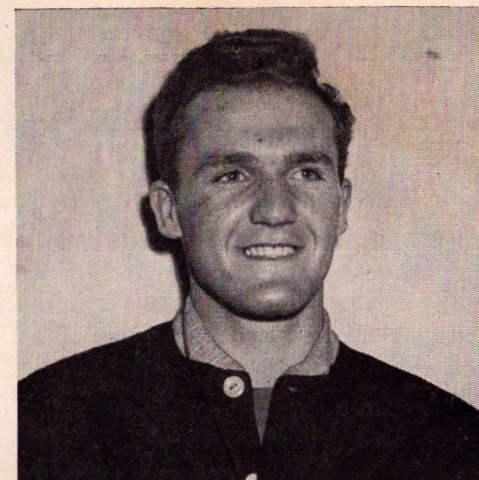
ALDEN BROSSEAU

## CO-CAPTAIN

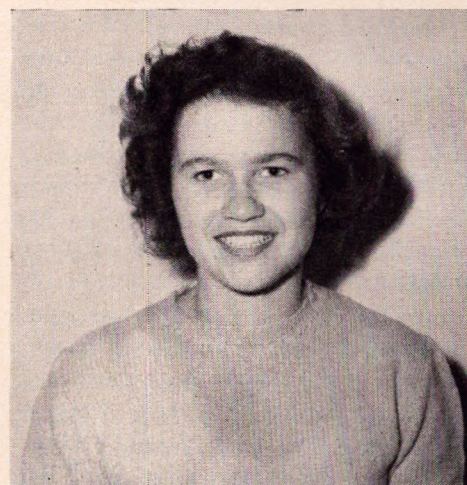
McColgan is the name,  
Tackle is his station;  
He's the finest football player,  
In this united Nation.

This husky senior with the blonde hair is a gridiron player of no mean ability. Co-captain of the team, he's running the games with skill and efficiency.

Yes, McColgan is the name,  
Tackle is his station;  
With him in lead, our team will keep  
Its winning reputation.



JOHN MCCOLGAN



JANE HOWARD

## AMONG THE INDISPENSABLES

Name? Jane Howard.

Address? 41 Howard St. (named for her no doubt).

Age? Looks 17 but may be 32.

Occupation? Student (I think).

Interests? Harvard, Williston Academy (whew!).

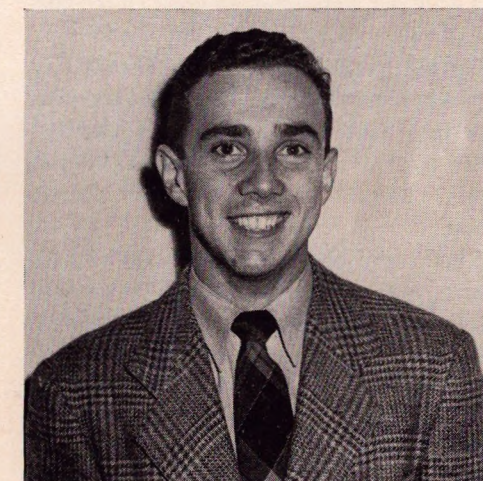
Activities? Editor of THE PEN, Head Cheer Leader, Secretary of Beta-Tri-Hi-Y, Member of Stamp Committee (wow!).

Ambition? To graduate from college with a B.S. degree (B.S.—Be Somebody).

## NUMBER ONE MAN

Meet Tommy Evans—the seniors' choice! Tommy's a very busy lad, being Senior Class President, Chairman of the Senior Class Ring Committee and President of Torch-Hi-Y. And too, he is on the football team which tops his list of sports. This popular senior has very definite ideas, among them a preference for thick, juicy steaks, football, and math.

Knowing Tommy, one can't believe that his ambition is to be a gentleman of leisure. His personality, in one word, is friendliness, which accounts for his being selected to head he Senior Class.



TOMMY EVANS



## The Library Column

Carolyn J. Blowe

THE rush and hustle of busy school days has again descended upon Pittsfield High! The school library has put out the welcome mat and is ready to meet the demands of the student body. In charge of this store of knowledge is our librarian, Mrs. Wiggenhauser, whose willingness to help us in research work as well as in the selection of books for outside reading, has made her a favorite with all.

Sophomore classes are soon to be given instructions in the use of the library and in finding information required for so many of the home work assignments.

Mr. Morrison's vocational boys are now printing signs for the heading of each column of books—so, if you know the call number of the book (you'll find it in the catalogue)—you should have no trouble at all in locating your selection.

A complete inventory of the library was taken this summer, and a brand new catalogue was installed for the convenience of those hunting for reading matter.

How many of you have discovered the "News of the Week Map" in the east alcove? You can read it in just five minutes and walk out well informed upon all the current happenings of the wartime world.

To the lengthy list of magazines already regularly received in the library, several new ones have been added, including The Saturday Review of Literature, Crisis, Opportunity, Chinese Student, and Science News Letter.

Juniors and busy seniors as wise as John Kieran, won't you drop in for a few minutes and borrow one of the fine collection of new books, and you'll surely be back for more.

Nevil Shute, the author of "Pied Piper"—a best seller a short while ago—has written a

most promising new novel, "Pastoral," about an RAF pilot on an English bomber command.

Another recent addition to the fiction shelves is "Green Dolphin Street" by Elizabeth Goudge, a book already high on the country's best seller list.

The sports-loving boys particularly will be interested in "Pigskin Warriors" by Jackson Scholz—a stirring football tale most appropriate for this time of year; "They Played the Game" by Harry Grayson; and "Keystone Kids" by John R. Tunis, the famous author of so many other exciting sport books.

For those preferring history there are the "China Handbook", setting forth the major developments in the six years of struggle in wartime China from July 1937 to June 1943; "The Basic History of the United States" by Charles and Mary Beard, a new book compiled after more than forty years of study, observation, and thought, which although of obvious value to students, is not a textbook; and "Mayflower Boy" by Stanley Young, a fictitious account of the first year of the Mayflower passengers from their arrival at Cape Cod to the first Thanksgiving in the following autumn.

And the war books—a wonderful collection of the newest publications—include "The Enemies' Fighting Ships" by Jay Launer; "Baby Flat-Top" by Commander Kenneth D. McCracken, USNR; "The Youngest WAC Overseas" by Bernadine Bailey; "Nurses in Action" by Col. Julia Flikke; and on the humorous side, "Punch In, Susie"—a woman's war factory diary, by Nell Giles.

Remember the address—Room 227—Your Library!

## The Theatre: Terpsichorean Gyration

By Robert A. Fahey

ON the evening of November 30, student members of the local Community Concert Association will have the opportunity of seeing Mia Slavenska, her partner David Tihmar, and a supporting troupe of two in a dance concert—which is one of the many examples that America has become ballet-conscious. In the past few years this country's appetite for the ballet has increased to the extent that the major companies now tour over 160 cities in a single season, fill such copious theatres as the Metropolitan Opera House for months at a time, and last summer crammed 25,000 patrons into the Hollywood Bowl—per performance—for nine evenings. This art, dating from 1377 and nurtured in the courts of France and Italy, has now won the approval of theatre-goers—be they connoisseurs or dilettantes.

The current Broadway musical comedies all have good ballets, a movement started by Agnes deMille when she dispensed with "the line" and made ballet an integral part of the theme in such hits as "Oklahoma!" and "One Touch of Venus."

If you visit the "Met"—as it is fondly called by balletomanes—during the present dance festival there, you will probably see lush spectacles by the late Fokine, Leonide Massine's choreographic treatment of famous symphonies (which, consequently, has made him the chief figure in the field of choreography), or the impressive dramas of Anthony Tudor; namely, "Jardin aux Lilas," "Pillar of Fire" and a sensitive adaptation of Shakespeare's play, "Romeo and Juliet".

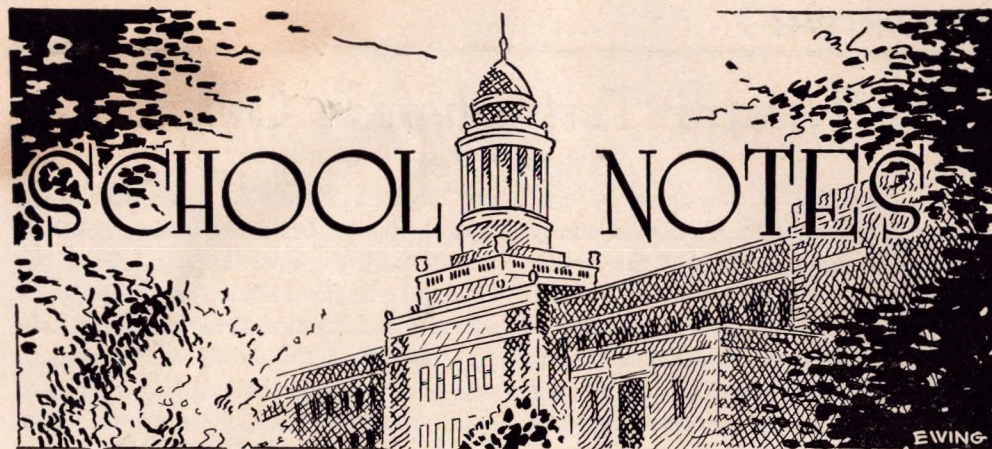
Today classicism is given a modern pulse in new works by Nijinska and Balanchine, and in revivals by Fedorova and Anton Dolin. Such durable traditional classics as "Giselle" (especially Alicia Markova's ephemeral rendition), "Aurora's Wedding" and

the three-act "Coppelia" have still strong drawing power; but contemporary novelties are of perhaps more interest. The jazz "Fancy Free," for instance, is the happy result of a collaboration between Jerome Robbins, choreographer, and Leonard Bernstein, who wrote an original score. Involving three sailors on shore leave, the work translates common gestures into brilliant, first-rate theatre. It is lively, fresh and unsophisticated—and as "hot" as anything to be found in the dance halls of Manhattan. On the other hand, two successful western ballets are Eugene Loring's "Billy the Kid," which deals with the grim life of William Bonney—historic outlaw of the last westward frontier; and Miss deMille's "Rodeo," finding its expression in a set of whirling square dancers during a retrospective interlude.

There have recently been three popular Offenbach revivals in dance form, starting with "Gaité Parisienne," complete with a can-can and a highly appealing central duet, a romantic *valse*; "Helen of Troy" and "Bluebeard"—always highlighted by Dolin's splendid account of the title role and an hilarious duel between the baron himself and some equally gallant adversary.

The most competent of the ballet groups is S. Hurok's Ballet Theatre, a native organization of international renown. In fact, when the mind thinks of the finest in ballet, it simultaneously thinks of Hurok—"who brought the ballet to America, and brought America to the ballet." Most of the dancers are of American birth, who make their interpretations great by ensemble skill and co-operation . . . All of which helps obliterate the jaundiced, ignorant opinions that some have had about "the art of the mad Russians" which, as it turns out, is at times not so Russian.





### MINUTE MAN FLAG

This year our campaign for war stamp buying did not start until October. Thus the Minute Man flag you now see on our flagpole was earned last June, not this September. There's really no need for me to tell you that we want to keep the flag flying through the month of November—you all must realize that. However, I would like to remind you how we can keep it flying and of what importance it is to do so.

That flag denotes that 90% or more of the student body has purchased at least one stamp during the preceding month. Now is that much to ask? Surely you all realize that our country is still at war and still needs our support to carry on this war. Boys are still fighting and dying in foreign countries. We should not let them down in this critical moment—right before the victory when the battle is often the fiercest. When this is costing thousands their lives—something which never can be returned, not 90%, but 100% should afford at least a dime a month—a dime which will later be returned with interest.

This year the Stamp Committee has elected Alfred Totaro, president and Jane Retallick, vice-president. This committee, under the leadership of Mr. Geary, will do all in its power to keep the Minute Man flag flying. But remember—the actual purchasing of stamps is up to you.

### PRE-INDUCTION COURSE

In response to the country's call for boys with mechanical skill in the armed forces, P. H. S. is offering a pre-induction course to all boys from 16 to 18. They are given supplementary training in short shop courses while they continue their general education. In this way, they not only are answering the Army demands; they are preparing themselves for the future—by developing their abilities in a particular field.

### RED CROSS NOTES

If, during the past summer, you had occasion to enter the Red Cross Chapter House on Wendell Avenue, you undoubtedly saw one or two P. H. S. girls doing clerical work in the office. Those girls were two of a group of twenty high school students who, since last January, have been efficiently and quietly doing the work of Junior Staff Assistants. Working on shifts, they are busily engaged each school day from 5-6.30. But, on Saturday and Sunday, when you are peacefully slumbering, these energetic girls are pounding a typewriter for their weekend hours are from 9 A.M.-10 P.M.

Another course for girls interested in becoming staff assistants will be held sometime in October under the capable guidance of Miss Rosemary Haylon, Room 107.

November, 1944

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### TRI-HI AND HI-Y

The Y clubs are in full swing again, and are anticipating a successful year under the following officers:

Beta—President, Peggy Head; Vice-President, Rita Shelsey; Secretary, Jane Howard; Treasurer, Shirley Herd; Warden, Jane Henderson; Chaplain, Jean C. May.

Alpha—President, Grace Hough, Vice-President, Dot Milne; Secretary, Ann Guiltan; Treasurer, Katherine Kennedy; Warden, Betty Jane Monk.

Gamma—President, Lois Shipton; Vice-President, Mary Pharmer, Secretary, Mildred Kinghorn; Treasurer, Sylvia Agar; Warden, Eleanor Shipton; Chaplain, Doris Rote.

Zeta-K—President, Marguerite Palmieri; Vice-President, Lois Burke; Secretary, Joan Kaufman; Treasurer, Elaine Katsh; Warden, Fay Henry.

Delta—President, Janet Demick; Vice-President, Helen Wilbur; Secretary, Joan Coughlin; Treasurer, Helen Fairfield; Warden, Katherine Renzi; Chaplain, Phyllis Malynarck.

Sigma—President, Helen Lech; Vice-President, Correta Algiers; Secretary, Barbara Wich; Treasurer, Lynette Langner; Warden, Francis Salatine; Chaplain, Doris Cella.

Hi-Y officers:—Torch—President, Tommy Evans; Vice Presidents, Bill Hearn and Frank Blowe; Secretary, Bill Kleinhandler; Treasurer, David Thompson; Warden, Marty Cillano; Chaplain, Warren Harmon.

### DEBATING CLUB

The P. H. S. Debating Club got off to an auspicious start this year with several new members attending the first meeting.

Elections were held, and Leonard Gordon was chosen president; Betty Secunda, vice-president; and Helen Ravage, secretary.

Plans were made for many discussions and debates on subjects of current interest.

The club meets on Tuesdays after school, with Mr. McGovern as adviser.

### THE MOTION PICTURE CLUB

The Motion Picture Club held its first meeting, September 29, 1944. Joshua Alperin presided over twenty-five who attended. Officers were elected: Vice President—Robertine Watson; Recording Secretary—Charles Bordeaux; Corresponding Secretary—Betty Esterman; Librarian—Minnie Russo; Chairman of the Program committee, Barbara Couch; Chairman of the Reporting Committee—Thomas Perault.

The second meeting was held October 6, 1944. The motion picture "Since you went away" was selected as the picture for discussion at the next meeting.

### HERE AND THERE:—

Dartmouth was blessed with "Mickey" Miller and "Phyl" Howard the weekend of the 30th. A fine time was had by all, especially the 800 navy men there.

If you want a little fun, just ask Mary Louise Miller about her "Truffy". It's not what you think.

Who is Red Rozaza's latest flame? Could he be blonde? Yes, yes! And not from H<sub>2</sub>O<sub>2</sub> either.

Doris Cella and Irene Compi ought to get together. They love that "Swoonatra" boy!

There's quite a battle between the seniors and the sophs for the field hockey championship this year.

I wonder why Ann La Porte studies her chemistry so diligently. Could it be that she has a crush on her teacher?

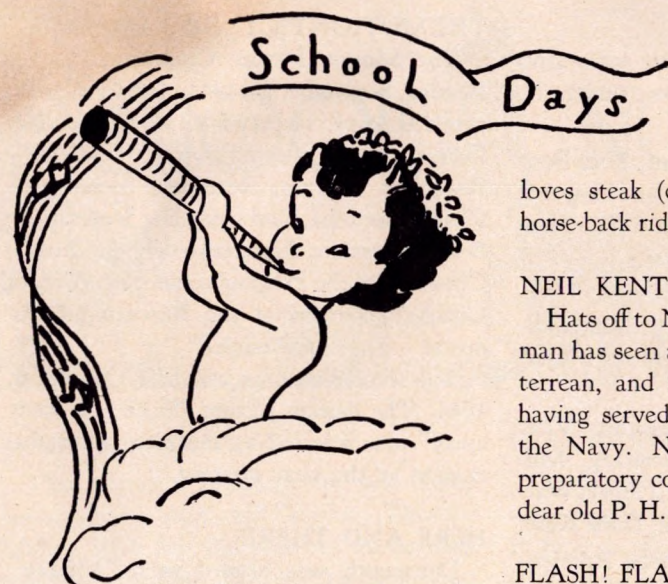
Seems that "It Had to be You" is a favorite with Lillian Francese. Army, Navy or Marines?

Why are so many P. H. S. girls going to join the Mt. Greylock Ski Club this year? It's because that handsome junior is the teacher, I bet.

I don't think Jean U. Murphy will tell you what the U. stands for in her name.

Bob Everhart was having some trouble dancing at the Masonic Temple with his arm in a sling.





### HOW ARE THE SOPHS GETTING ALONG?

The sophomores are readily adjusting themselves to P. H. S. with the exception of a certain few who still absently wander about on the third floor looking for 149, or who, in a dreamy state, follow the tall blonde into a Senior Math class.

And the fact that some of the boys on the football team are sophs doesn't make them any different from the juniors or seniors. The upper classmen walk out of the ball park with as many bumps, bruises and blisters as the brave sophomores.

The tenth grade girls do not seem to pay much attention to their fellow-classmates. They are more interested in "older men". Optimistic young twerps!

### NEW STUDENTS AT P. H. S.

The sophomores are not the only strangers in our corridors this year. Among the newcomers is: Bob Hinman of 202—Bob is right in stride with the rest of our handsome seniors and has already won the admiration of many young ladies (right up to par with Rod Brown). He's from Canaan, N. Y. and we hope he likes P. H. S. as well as his previous school.

Elizabeth Hoffman—Another senior, from Chester in the college preparatory group, is quite keen on P. H. S. and hopes we like her, too. She loves steak (don't we all!), swimming and horse-back riding. Get acquainted, boys!

### NEIL KENT

Hats off to Neil Kent!! This snappy young man has seen action in the European, Mediterranean, and South Pacific theatres of war, having served as petty officer first class in the Navy. Neil is finishing up his college preparatory course and is glad to be back at dear old P. H. S.

### FLASH! FLASH!

Do you know why Mr. Geary pitches erasers at pupils all day long? (He's all set to be baseball's star pitcher next year!)

Do you know why the boys hammer knives and forks on the table when someone drops a milk bottle?

Do you know why the gym doors are marked "locker rooms" and the "tunnel of love" marked gym?

Do you know why Miss Prediger changed her history classes to College Prep pupils? (She got tired of looking at the weaker sex (Commercial) all day.)

Do you know that there are forty-eight more girls than boys in school?

Do you know Mr. Hennessey said he would not, but is, teaching Jane Howard physics?

Do you know an easy way to tell the "steadies" of the crowd? (Identical friendship rings.)

Do you know that two sophomore girls were lost in the backstage dressing rooms for two periods?

Do you know typing is the most common subject to be? (to be flunked!)

Do you know who the Moron really is? (Watch out, it may be you!)

### MISS ALLEN

In June the former Miss Allen, teacher of the retail sales course, left us. Now Mrs. Paul Benko, she is living in Albany and has purchased one of the Shaker houses there. She finds much pleasure in remodeling her new home and enjoys her new job of housekeeper and cook. The faculty and students will miss her cooperation and advice, but we are sure that Miss Eileen Murphy, her successor, will most capably fulfill the duties of the sales department.

### NEW MEMBERS OF THE FACULTY

#### MISS EILEEN MURPHY

This is to introduce Miss Eileen Murphy, the new teacher in Room 239. She is taking Miss Allen's place in teaching the retail salesmanship course. Adams is her native city. After graduation from Adams High School, she attended the College of New Rochelle, where she received her A.B. degree. Among her special interests are music and sports, and she promises faithfully to attend all musical programs in the school. She thinks P. H. S. is wonderful and is very much impressed with the manners of the pupils (let's not spoil her first impression). Won't all you fellows and girls make a special effort to find out who Miss Murphy is, and, if possible, meet her, for she is someone well worth knowing?

#### MRS. IRA T. MAY

We are happy to welcome as a new teacher of physical education, Mrs. Ira T. May.

Mrs. May graduated from the Sargent School and has instructed in the New Hyde Park and Franklin Square grade schools on Long Island.

She has done counsellor work at the Sargent Summer Camp in Peterboro, N. H., and assisted at Pittsfield's Kiwanis Health Camp when it was begun.

Students will be pleased to know that Mrs. May thinks a great deal of P. H. S., one

of the reasons being that she is a graduate herself.

She is fond of music, books and young people, and is the proud owner of a riding horse.

We hope you'll enjoy being with us, Mrs. May!

### WEST POINT SELECTEES

Pittsfield High school feels justly proud of the five boys who have succeeded in becoming potential West Point selectees. Alden Brosseau, the principal candidate, and James Ross, the second alternate, are seniors now; the first alternate, Gerald Kelly, and the third alternate, Clarence Brower were former students. Congratulations, boys! We wish you lots of success.

### ADVICE TO SOPHOMORES

#### DO—

1. Yell quietly in study hall.
2. Be lenient with Miss Kaliher when she runs over you.
3. Call Mr. McGovern "Muscles".
4. Be in classes on time or Miss Nugent will have a nervous breakdown.
5. Compliment Mr. McMahon on Cornelius, Jr.
6. Duck Mr. Geary's erasers.

#### DON'T—

1. Get caught chewing gum in Miss Millet's room. (the French don't care for the "chewing gum Americans".)
2. Flirt with Miss Rhodes; she's not a pupil.
3. Call Miss Manvel "Red".
4. Dissect your finger in biology class. Any resemblance between that and a flower is purely coincidental.
5. Whistle at the senior boys. They're all taken!
6. Try to give Mr. Gorman a lesson on Boogie-Woogie.



# MINUTE INTERVIEWS (WHAT P. H. S. TEACHERS DID THIS SUMMER)

MISS RHODES—Won't tell what happened working at the G. E. this summer. My! My!

MR. HERBERG—Spent the summer recovering from last year. After getting rid of Chenfeld, he deserved it!

MISS KENNEDY—Had a quiet summer on the farm; then, to liven things up, went to New York during the hurricane.

MR. HERRICK—Ever faithful! Worried all summer about the Yearbook's getting published.

MR. GEARY—Developed a charley horse, playing softball, while running from first to third, via the pitcher's mound. He was finally admitted to the local hospital.

MISS CASEY—Went to Canada so that she could converse in French with someone who could understand her and not answer just "Oui, mademoiselle."

MISS HAYLON—Worked in her garden and has now become an expert weeder.

MR. JOYCE—Tried to be a good sports announcer.

MISS McCORMICK—Sniffed at passing motor cars.

MISS CURTIN—Just a chin-up girl on the home front.

MR. REYNOLDS and MR. CAREY—Engaged Byron Nelson and Harold McSpaden in a few golf matches.

MISS CONLON—Tried to have fun on an A coupon.

MRS. COONS—Tried to bring back childhood days by sliding down a "chute-the-chute". Result—nearly broke her back.

MR. McGOVERN—Dug the foundation for an astronomical observatory and received a M.E.D. degree (master of extracting dirt).

MISS RIESER—Traveled about during the summer. Stopped at Boston, New York, Cape Cod and Marblehead Beach. A busy little bee!

## WITH DEEPEST REGRET

Of the many students who have graduated from Pittsfield High School, one of the most popular was Jayne Hearn, Class of '43. Jayne was a most successful editor of the Girls' Sports for THE STUDENT'S PEN. Being very athletic, she took part in numerous gym activities and won highest honors in archery for three years. A good student, Jayne could always be depended upon. She was a member of the Radio Club, and conducted two of her own programs over WBRK.

We shall always remember Jayne as being a grand sport, ever ready to lend a helping hand, interested and successful in the many tasks she performed. Her tragic death was a great shock to all of us. It's hard to imagine one so gay and fine as she gone. Jayne was radiant. Her contagious, laughing manner and cheerful spirit won her countless friends everywhere. We know that in her new life Jayne will continue to spread her lovely glow, and her very presence will brighten the other world into which she has entered.

## MILK-WEED PODS

Pupils from the schools throughout the city have collected milk-weed pods during the last two weeks of September. These pods are used by our government to help save the lives of our fighting men. The ripened floss is used to fill life preservers. First they are hung on fence rails, trees, barn rafters and other places to dry. This is essential to prevent spoilage by molding. About mid October, the filled bags were collected from central storage places by the War Hemp Industries office at Amherst. Pittsfield schools have taken the lead with 864 bags taken out. Good work!

Do you know there is no way to tell the juniors from sophomores in the girls' gym, now that the girls can choose their own colors for gym suits?

## VOCATIONAL NEWS

By Kenneth Phelps

THE Vocational Department is one of the highlights of P. H. S. This department has attracted boys from all parts of Pittsfield and many from out-of-town and now has an enrollment of 210 boys.

There are seven sections in the Vocational Department, any of which would attract a boy's fancy. These groups are the auto, woodworking, sheet metal, printing, drafting, machine shop, and welding.

The machine shop is a bee hive of activity these autumn days. There are 88 boys enrolled in this course and every machine is in action. Ever since the beginning of the war, the shop has done a great deal of essential war work and this term will be no exception. Some of the boys are working on bearing castings, used for vital war equipment.

In roaming around the shops your reporter received statements from the teachers regarding the importance of the work.

First we quote Mr. Moran, our vice-principal and leader of our Vocational Department. "After Pearl Harbor, it was possible by expanding the offerings to give fullest assistance to the country's war training needs. That the school committee placed all the facilities of the Vocational School in support of the war training program is proved by the praise and recognition accorded the Pittsfield schools for the excellence of their accomplishments."

Mr. Harvey, who tries to teach us math and does a very good job of it, says, "The Vocational boys are helped in the service by their trade training. Their progress is faster and their mathematical background is more practical."

Mr. Willbrant, our drafting teacher, had these few words to say: "The number of boys in the service and what they have done and are doing is the best example we can give of the value of the vocational shops."

The boys in the Vocational Department have gone all out for sports. This year, of our three teams in football, (four counting the scrubs) the Vocational Department makes one complete team.

In previous years, the shop has had no representation on THE STUDENT'S PEN staff. This year there is a reporter who will do his best to keep the academic student body in contact with the vocational school.

## P. H. S. IN UNIFORM

Rod Brown, who was spotted at the P. H. S. Adams football game, is a Seaman Second Class, having just completed his twelve week boot training at the Sampson Naval Training Station, Sampson, N. Y. After his ten day leave, he will return and be with the outgoing unit.

Russell Bousquet, Seaman Second Class, is recovering from pneumonia in Norman, Okla. He has been at Colgate University, Hamilton, N. Y., and is soon to be sent to the Jacksonville, Fla. Navy air field where he will train to be an aerial gunner.

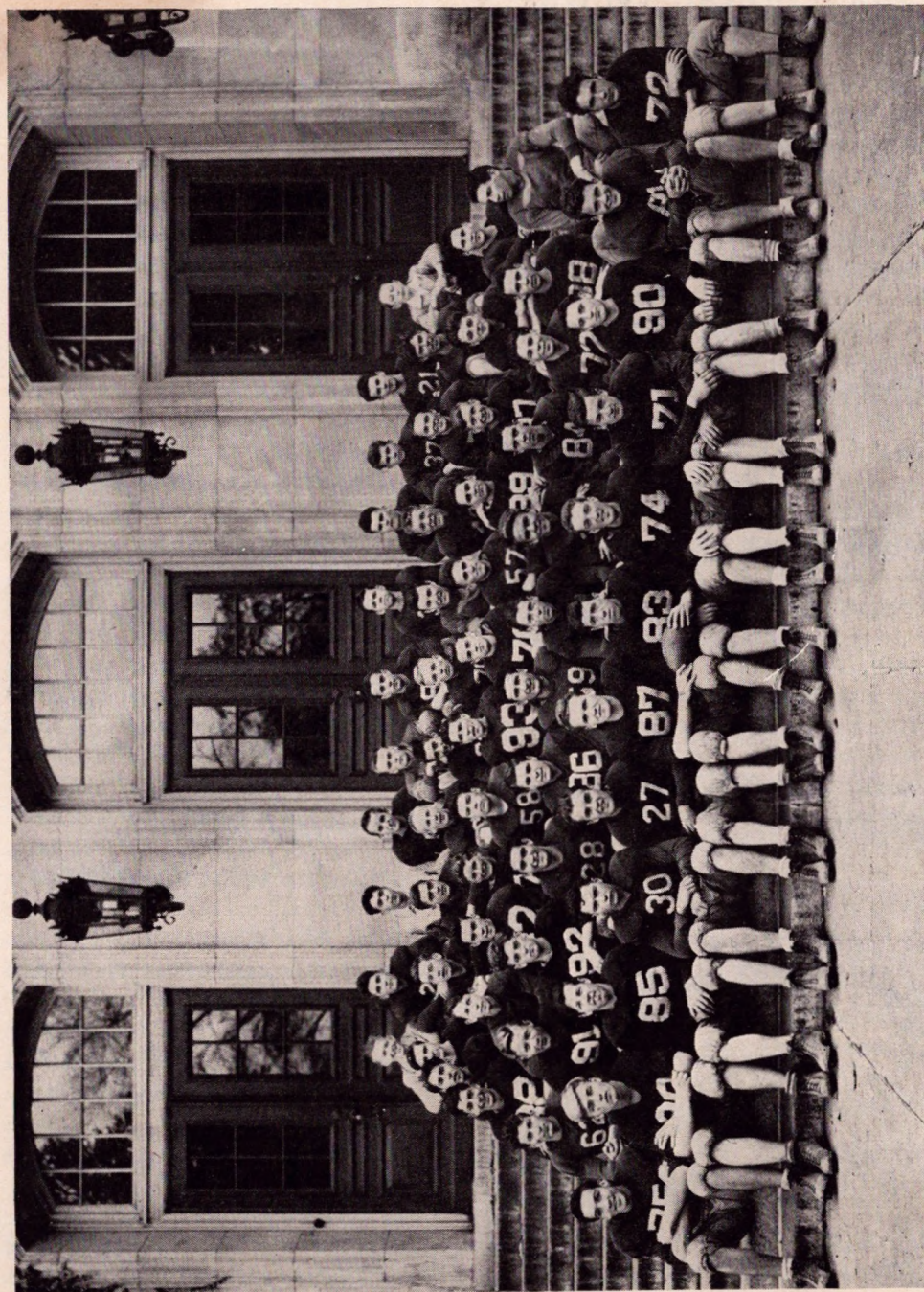
Naval Air Cadet Kenyon Ferry has been at Colgate University also, and is now at Chapel Hill, N. C., where he is training to be a Navy pilot.

Henry Temple, Seaman Second Class, has recently completed his boot training at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station and has taken a radio technician's course. He hopes to enter the Navy V-12 soon.

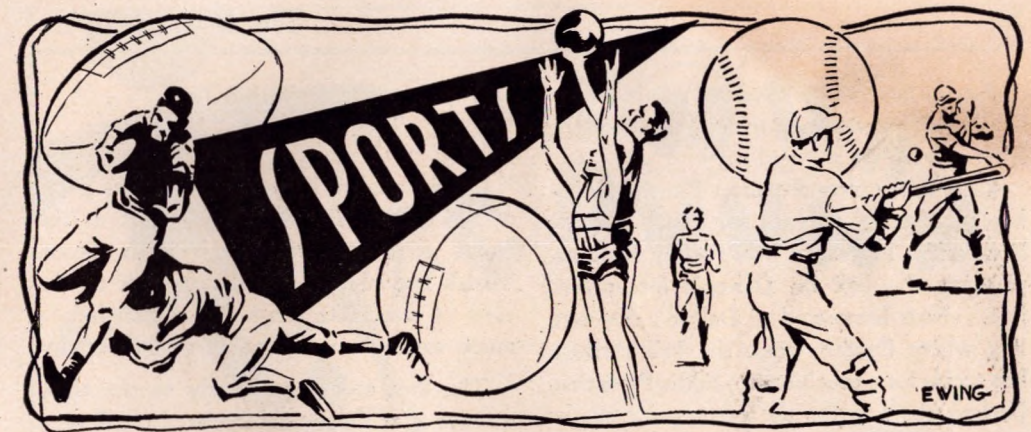
Edward Kitterman, First Class Petty Officer, has as of October 14th, completed three years in the Navy. He is now on an aircraft carrier in the South Pacific and a radio-gunner on a dive bomber. He is taking part in the bombing of the Philippines.

Modestino Criscitiello, Apprentice Seaman, who did very commendable work as editor of THE STUDENT'S PEN in 1942, is at the Harvard Medical School of Harvard University, having completed his pre-medical course at Princeton University.





THE 1944 FOOTBALL SQUAD



### ADAMS WINS A 12-0 VICTORY

By Warren Harmon

To the crowd a scoreless first half looked probable at the soggy Valley Street Field in Adams, October 14, but Adams pushed down the field via passing, and set up a score with a plunge through guard just before rest period.

Although both in yardage in scrimmage and yardage by passing Adams beat P. H. S., several times when it was most needed, Pittsfield really stopped Adams cold. For instance when Adams was on the Pittsfield three-yard line, it failed on four downs to score. An end run failed to gain, the next try made two yards, on the third down the Adams halfback was stopped dead, and on the last the fullback fumbled, and end Jay Corrinet recovered.

Adams advanced overland until the P. H. S. line refused to give further ground. While the decoy was being watched, the Adams halfback took a pass to make the final score 12-0. Neither the pass or dropkick attempted by Adams for the extra points succeeded.

### PITTSFIELD WINS OVER DRURY 6-0

By Neil Kent

On a wet soaked field in a pouring rain a good Pittsfield high team defeated a stubborn Drury team. Using a modified T formation, which was handled cleverly by sophomore Donnie Kusaba, Pittsfield was brilliant. It played by far its best game of the season. Pittsfield scored in the first quarter on a six-

teen-yard run by Carmel, after co-captain Manuel Gomes recovered a Drury fumble on Pittsfield's twenty-eight-yard line. Pittsfield seemed to be content to protect its six-point lead and keep Drury away from pay dirt.

Drury never did really threaten, thanks to the brilliant kicking of Gomes, Pittsfield's great end. He booted the wet soggy pigskin time and time again deep into enemy territory. Besides he put up a fine defensive game. It was not all Gomes by far, for Carmel's play was sensational, Eddie Paris also carried the ball well. For linemen other than Gomes his running mate, Jay Corrinet at the other end position also played well. McColgan at left tackle, was outstanding. This co-captain was breaking up plays all afternoon. A well-deserved victory for a fine team.

### PITTSFIELD 33-DALTON 0

By David L. Carpenter

Sparked by full back Norman Carmel and quarterback Emil Fontana, the Pittsfield High School football team scored an overwhelming victory over Dalton High by the score of 33-0, for their first win this fall on October 7.

The winners scored early in the opening period after bottling up Dalton, which received the kick-off. Carmel and Fontana plowed the Dalton line for great gains until the ball rested on the Dalton two-yard line. Carmel then plunged through for the touchdown but Emil Fontana's kick was blocked.



Again Pittsfield kicked off and Dalton finally lost possession of the ball on about the 50-yard line.

Early in the second quarter Pittsfield made big gains on a six-yard off tackle run by Paris and a long open field run by Fontana, planting the ball on Dalton's fifteen-yard line. Paris hammered to Dalton's five-yard line where Fontana took the ball through left tackle for a touchdown. Eddie Paris then bucked the line for the extra point as the visitors went ahead 13-0.

Fetherston, of the paper town, received the third kick off and ran it up to the Pittsfield 41-yard line where he stumbled and fell. Here Paris intercepted a pass intended for Paul Burke and ran back to the Dalton 36. A pass, Fontana to Paris, pulled our boys up to the 30. Pittsfield then gained 28 yards but lost the ball on Dalton's two-yard line from whence Fetherston punted it out to his own 30-yard line. Two runs by Emil Fontana, one for 7 and one for 23 yards gave Pittsfield its third touchdown, making the score 19-0 as Campbell's attempted dropkick failed.

Early in the third period, Pittsfield again threatened when Fetherston kicked from one-half yard of his own goal to about the 50-yard line where Fontana caught the ball and returned it to the Papertown's six-yard line. Paris picked up a yard, then Carmel to Dalton's one and finally over for the touchdown. Wood passed to Alessio for the extra point.

Later in the third session another Wood-to-Alessio pass planted the ball again on Dalton's six and on the first play of the last quarter Carmel plunged over for his third touchdown of the day, and Campbell drop-kicked over the upright for the extra point making the score 33-0.

While Emil Fontana and Norman Carmel played a brilliant game for the winners, Fetherston put up a valiant fight for the losers.

## TECH WINS 12-0

By Warren Harmon

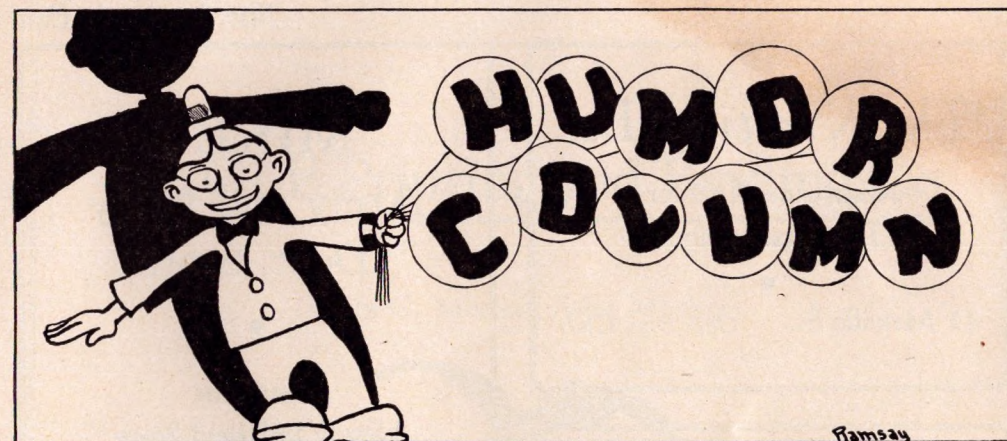
On September 30 in the first home game of the season, Pittsfield met defeat at the hands of a powerful Tech High Team. Tech's line plunging paid dividends to the tune of over 200 yards as compared to a much smaller number to Pittsfield's credit.

The first score came early in the third quarter after Gohey finally got the ball on a reverse and went over the Pittsfield right end after shaking off a couple of P. H. S. tacklers. Godkin's drop kick went wide of the posts. After a good punt by sophomore, "Marney" Wood, another methodical Tech drive marched down the field in the last quarter to make the final score 12-0.

One of the high points of the game for Pittsfield rooters came in the first half when big Joe Frechette, who had received a pass from George Hood, Springfield back, fumbled when he was deep in Pittsfield territory—the fumble was quickly picked up by Vin Carpino, center, who ran over 50 yards into Tech territory. That was Pittsfield's only bid for score.

## GYM CASUALTIES

Those boys who are going around school with their arms in slings and limping around on crutches, not to mention the cuts and black eyes were not victims of a Frank Sinatra show. They are just gym and football casualties. Some of these fellows are Dave Sullivan, with a broken collar bone; Bob Everhart, a separated shoulder; Alden Brosseau, with a broken ankle; Emil Fontana, a sprained ankle; and Tony Frieri with a sprained knee. When our injured are all lined up, they look like veterans of the front line battles.



Jack: "Who invented the doughnut?"  
Jill: "Oh some fresh air fiend, I suppose."

Brain: "Did you hear they are going to fight the battle of Bunker Hill all over again?"

Miss Kaliher: "No, how's that?"

Brain: "Because it wasn't fought on the level."

Bob: "Yep, he was kicked out of school for cheating."

Tom: "Hmm, what happened."

Bob: "They found him counting his ribs in a biology exam."

Wesley: "Let's skip Math. today!"

George: "Nope, I can't afford to lose the sleep."

Mr. Leahy: "Have you a book in stock called, *Man, the Master?*"

Mrs. Wiggerhauser: "Why yes, in the fiction department in the east alcove."

Mr. McMahon: "What's the formula for water?"

Dolly: "H<sub>2</sub>O."

Mr. McMahon: "Right, now tell me the formula for sea water."

Dolly: "CH<sub>2</sub>O."

"Mr. Goodwin, I'm taking a month off," said the eager sophomore as he tore another sheet off the calendar.

Goldsmith: "Can you swim?"

Goodrich: "Only at times."

Goldsmith: "Only at times! How strange—And when do these moments come to you?"

Goodrich: "When I'm in the water."

Martin: "If you don't mind, I'll be skipping on my merry way, Mr. Hennesey."

Mr. H.: "Say, what kind of monkey business are you up to now."

Ross: "Why don't you like the girls?"

Brosseau: "They're too biased."

Ross: "Biased?"

Brosseau: "Yes, bias this and bias that until I'm broke."

Miss Prediger: "Are you smoking back there, Richard?"

Vallin: "No, that's just the fog I'm in."

Senior: "I'm going to be an aviator; why I've been air-minded for years."

Soph: "Well, I guess I'd better report to a garage, I've been tow-headed ever since I was born."

Mr. Hennesey: "How'd you sleep last night?"

Yawning Pupil: "Oh, lying down as usual."



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